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TURNED TABLES ON "ROOT"

Secretary's Familiar Little Remark Didn't Seem As Funny as It Used To.

Senator Depew told a little story on himself and Senator Root in his speech at the dinner in Washington to Mr. Root by the New York Republican congressional delegation.

"When Root was secretary of state," said Senator Depew, "I went over to see him and asked him if he couldn't do something for me in the line of consular appointments. He said: 'Senator, I'm sorry, I would like to do something for New York, but (and Mr. Root picked up a paper from his desk) I see that New York's quota is now exceeded by 14 per cent.'

"Well," continued Senator Depew, "I kept going to see Senator Root for a year. Every time I went to see him he would remind me that New York's quota was exceeded by 14 per cent. Finally I said: 'Mr. Secretary, I think you're a great statesman, but your mathematics are inclined to be automatic.'

"After Mr. Knox became secretary of state, Senator Depew said, when the laughter had subsided: 'Senator Root went up to see him about consular appointments. I'm sorry,' said Mr. Knox, 'but (and he turned to a document file) I find that New York's quota is now exceeded by 14 per cent.'

BOY'S LOVE OF ADVENTURE

Not the slightest reason for alarm if he looks forward to the life of a pirate.

The love of adventure is an expression of boyhood's abounding vitality; there is always hope for the boy who looks forward to being a pirate and carrying the Jolly Roger through the seven seas—provided that at the same time his mind is making acquaintance with other aspects of life which may finally prove almost as desirable as piracy, declares a writer in the *De-licitor*.

A child's nonsense is his mind's play and safety valve, which may be developed into a sense of humor that will help to keep him sane, or degenerate into a mere habit of foolish and cruel practical joking. His curiosity may prove a key wherewith to unlock stores of wisdom, or a means of purveying base and even vile things to his mind, while his sentiment—and we may be sure that it is present in the average boy's strangely assorted spiritual baggage—may sink to a sentimentality which shall sap his manhood or be refined into an attribute of honor and devotion.

Baby "Owns" All Holland.

It is questionable whether there is a royal child so adored as the little Princess Julianne of Holland, whose birth set all hearts at rest in that little kingdom. It is painful to think of the disruption of the state had Wilhelmina remained childless, but now all, from the mother to the humblest subject, are blest indeed. The little princess is nearly eight months old, and has been from the first a vigorous and promising child; the queen is said to exercise the most constant and jealous oversight of everything that pertains to her welfare. The cutting of the first tooth of the little princess was known all over Holland as soon as it was through and inquiries as to its health and its growth in every way, mentally as well as physically, is of the greatest importance. It is noted as an instance of the kindness of heart of the queen that when the child was baptized all of the queen's former instructors were present. They are now white-haired men, but greatly gratified to be so remembered.

Kossuth Disciple's Wealth to Poor. A few days ago, at the age of 82, there died at Zombor, in Hungary, one of Kossuth's followers named Stefan Komjovits, who had always led an eccentric existence and had been regarded as a man of merely moderate means. But on his death his will showed that he was one of the richest men in his province and had disbursed his wealth chiefly for the purpose of distributing it at his death in benefiting his fellow citizens.

His bequests include 80 morgen of land and 60,000 kronen for an institute for the blind, 200 morgen and 400,000 kronen for a school, 1,200 morgen and 30,000 kronen for a cadet training institution and 250,000 kronen for a church.

Two hundred and fifty thousand kronen was left to a priest, his servant and steward receive 200 morgen each, and 120 other persons 3,000 kronen each.—*Lokal Anzeiger*.

A Bit of Negro Humor. Robert Eddeson tells the following story of a negro servant that is worth repeating:

One day last summer, Mr. Eddeson noticed that Lindy was in an unusually good humor while doing her work—singing all the time. He called her in the room and saw she was arrayed in colors that would have shamed Solomon, including as they did all the bright hues of the rainbow.

"Lindy," said he, "why are you so happy to-day?" This evoked the reply: "Marie Rob. I just buried my fourth husband yesterday." "You did," said Mr. Eddeson. "Well, it seems to me that it would be more befitting you to array yourself in garments of somber hue."

"Dad's alright," said Lindy, "but I've got some of those folks caries here grief in de heart instead of on dere clothes"—*Utica Observer*.

ADVICE FOR NERVOUS MAN

Seek Relief in Work, Says One Who Has Found It to Be Successful Cure.

The famous Harvard geologist, Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, who died about four years ago, was a man of singularly wide range and vivacity of conversation. In a single hour, says a correspondent of the New York Nation, he would discuss topics as diverse as national politics, the seeds of fossiliferous Conifers, and the question whether there might not be some ethnological considerations bearing on mathematical studies.

Perhaps the most striking thing about him, after his unexcelled warmth of heart and capacity for making people free of his time and thought and interest, was his surprising industry. On one of the earliest occasions when I was thrown into contact with him, and obliged to ask for considerable portions of his time, I remember having asked if he were not overbusy.

"No," he replied. "I have a good many things to do, and a score of years ago I had nervous prostration. I went to Germany and tried all kinds of cures for it—but they did no good.

Asking advice from Shaler was a very different thing from seeking it from ordinary sources. On one occasion apropos of something now quite forgotten—he told the story of his being asked by a graduate of the Harvard Divinity school how he might best fit himself for the work of his chosen calling. The freshly-graduated theological student did not feel sure that he knew as much about men as he did about Divinity.

The hand struck up the "Wearin' o' the Green" to head of the incident.

"Go to Colorado, get down into a drift, and dig for two years with the miners. Possibly you'll know more about men than you do now."

The young man did so, with the result that he came back at the end of the period to thank his adviser for the good he had derived from his most unconventional Wanderjahre.

SYMPATHY NOT IN ORDER

Most People Will Agree That Ungenerous Woman Got Merely Her Just Deserts.

It seems a pity to attempt to point out the moral of the following story, for its lesson so much depends on the experience of the individual reader.

A gentleman, says a writer in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, wished to make his wife a present of a lace scarf, but had no desire to pay an extravagant price.

"I want you to buy a new lace scarf for Cousin Amella," he said to his wife. "Choose something nice—something you would get for yourself."

The wife, however, had her own ideas as to generosity in buying presents, and the purchase, when she made it, consisted of a very simple blouse.

"H'm!" said the husband. "Is that what you would have chosen for yourself?"

"Exactly!" she replied.

"Well, my dear, keep it. I meant it for you," he exclaimed, with an amiable smile.

A Nice Calculation.

Two very dear old ladies walked up to the window where tickets were to be sold for two popular concerts. They wanted tickets for both nights, but alas! those for the second evening were all gone. This was the more popular entertainment of the two.

"I'm so sorry, my dear!" pattered one of the old ladies to the other. "We did want to go, didn't we, and we wanted to go both nights."

"You couldn't give us two tickets for each night?" inquired the other of the clerk.

"No, ma'am."

"You haven't two seats anywhere for the second night?"

"No, ma'am. Couldn't give you nose room."

A great resolution beamed upon her gentle face.

"Then," said she firmly, "give me four tickets for the first night. We will make them do."

"Why, sister," quavered the other, "you're going to invite somebody?"

"No," said she, "but if we can't go both nights?" She paused, haw-hawed, quite out of her calculation.

Then a happy thought struck her, and she added: "We'll go twice the first night."—*Youth's Companion*.

Just Exchanged Flats.

"I heard an entirely new one to me the other day," said a man who hears all kinds of queer things in his business. "I was standing near the telephone booth at the Grand Central when a woman began to talk to a friend, apparently up town. She said that a friend of hers was coming to New York in a few days and didn't want to go to a hotel."

"I hear you are going to Chicago," she said. "Well, my friend has a nice flat on the Lake Drive and just like yours, with a good servant. Why don't you two swap? You take her flat while you are in Chicago and let her take yours. And the uptown woman seemed delighted with the arrangement."—*New York Sun*.

Would Be More Popular.

If the ladies' tailors will make it, a dress for a woman to wear dresses she can put on without the help of her husband, the cook and a monkey wrench, they will be popular with the fellows who pay the bills.—*Washington Times*.

"SETTLER" FOR THE ORATOR

Boy's Question Ended the Speechmaking—and Almost Put Stop to Banquet.

Daniel H. Grady, the brilliant young Portage lawyer, comes to Milwaukee almost every week, and usually has at least one new story to tell, says the Free Press of that city. This is the last one Mr. Grady passed out for the delectation of a group of Democratic politicians.

Col. Jim Burke of Mauston, was an enthusiastic Irishman, and an orator who excelled in using "the floor" as long as he could keep it on the rare occasions when his fellow townsmen permitted him to make a speech. The colonel responded to the toast, "The Emerald Isle" at a big St. Patrick's day banquet some years ago, and he made good his ancient reputation as a long-distance talker. After recalling the history of Ireland during all the distressful centuries with close attention to details, the speaker paused for breath. The audience was glad of the respite.

"And now I've told ye a few of the great events of the glorious history of the old sod," said the colonel, mopping his brow. "Is there any wan who wishes to ask anny questions?" A little lad at the far end of the room stood up timidly.

"If Ol'm not out of shder," he piped shrilly, "if Ol'm not-out of shder, Ol'd like to ask just wan question."

"Very well," said the colonel, "I'd be happy to answer if I can."

"Well, then," said the lad, "would ye be so kind as to tell me what toime of the night or the marnin' it is?" said the lad.

The hand struck up the "Wearin' o' the Green" to head of the incident.

BETTER THAN GOLDEN EGGS

Figures Prove That Product of Prize Hen Was Far Greater Than that from Fabled Goose.

Recently a hen was exhibited at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and took all the prizes as the best of her kind. So important did she grow in the estimation of the judges that her owner was offered \$10,000 for her but refused it. At about this time the hen laid an egg and, that it might be evident that she was a producer as well as a show bird, her owner allowed the product of her labor to remain in the hen with her. This was a tactical blunder, for the egg was purchased shortly and has not been seen since.

Now there is a well-known story to the effect that a goose of the dim and distant past once laid a golden egg. Taking it that the historian was sure of such facts, this goose of fame has no such claim upon renown as has the Wilkesbarre hen. Here is a bag of gold containing \$10,000 in the treasury made up for her.

The young man did so, with the result that he came back at the end of the period to thank his adviser for the good he had derived from his most unconventional Wanderjahre.

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"C" is the track for the front wheel.

"D" is the track for the rear wheel.

"E" is the track for the rear wheel.

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"TT" is the track for the rear wheel.

"UU" is the track for the rear wheel.

"VV" is the track for the rear wheel.

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"XX" is the track for the rear wheel.

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The Danger Signal

By Oskar Reich

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"Porter, put my satchel in the through carriage for Salzburg, not the smoker."

"All right, sir."

A few moments later Edgar Spalten was installed in the desired carriage. He always travelled in the compartment for non-smokers, for he not only disliked the habit, but also was ever on the lookout for adventures on his travels, and as ladies generally gave special preference to this compartment, he found it more opportune.

To-day his prospects looked meager.

The guard had already closed the doors, and he was alone. The train, on the whole, was rather empty. As it was winter there was but little traveling for pleasure, and the number of those drawn forth by business or duty was small at this time of the year. In one of the two adjoining compartments a trio of men had already picked acquaintances, and were absorbed in a game of "taroc," while in the other a pair of travelers seemed to consider in their chief aim to establish a cigarette record.

The carriage door was thrown open and a porter appeared laden with innumerable bags and bundles, which he hurriedly tossed up into the rack.

"Just like a novel," murmured Edgar. "I say, porter, who is coming in here?"

"A lady."

"Young?"

"Surely, Herr Spalten. You may see for yourself."

"What, Frau Hofrathin! You? This is what I call a surprise. You have no idea how delighted I am."

"And I, but for another reason, namely, that I succeeded in getting here at all. That I am in this last carriage is simply because I had just time enough to reach it. It was a mad rush. Thank heaven my husband was not there; he is always so nervous."

"Like all husbands. May I be so rude as to ask where you are bound?"

"To my sister in Munich; you know Ella married there. My husband left

Seated Himself Upon a Milestone.

yesterday for a fortnight's trip to the Budapest convention, and I am taking advantage of his absence to pay this long-deferred visit. And you?"

"I am on my way to Salzburg."

"Ah, yes. Tell me, why were you not at the Waller's last Sunday? You have always been such a habitual theatergoer."

"I found it absolutely impossible, it was such an exceptionally full day. Four 'At homes.' Did I miss anything?"

"I cannot judge of that. You must decide for yourself when I tell you who was there. First, Martha Schwert—"

"That is intended partly as a teaser."

"No, wholly."

"Oh, I don't deny that I am attentive to Martha Schwert. Why should I not be? She is certainly very pretty, or perhaps you do not agree with me."

"Indeed, yes; one of the prettiest girls in Vienna. Is she equally remarkable for her discretion?"

"The same old question whenever her name is mentioned. No, she is not remarkably discreet. Quite the contrary, in fact."

"And yet—"

"And yet I am one of her devotees. At balls and skating parties she is always the most beautiful girl present, and to dance a polonaise or a quadrille with her gives me thorough satisfaction. As for my acquaintances, it irritates them exceedingly, and the women even more. And then the cutting observations, especially from the ladies: 'Ah, you know Fraulein Schwert! Pretty features, but rather expressionless.' A picture without a soul." Do you find Fraulein Schwert very entertaining?" etc. Besides, my dear lady, I have recently met Edz Zwirner at Wiegand, and I worship at her shrine also."

"You are positively Don Juan of the drawing-room. You have a long list of gods and goddesses, a veritable Olympus, before whose altars you bend."

At St. Polten, this being the weekly market day there, a number of people got on, but mostly second class. Moreover, Edgar had tipped the guard a golden to insure no one entering his compartment.

At the time the train had reached

Anstetten it had picked up five young girls, three small groups of people, and four unhappy looking couples.

"We reach Linz in twenty minutes, do we not? They wait there fifteen minutes for lunch."

"Too little time to eat, and too long to go hungry. However, as we are a little late, the train will probably not make so long a stop."

"We might at all events have the heat turned off."

"Pardon me, my dear lady, but the lever you were about to grasp is the danger signal."

"Ah I might have brought about a strange result."

"Not so dreadful, after all. As you see, it would simply be a penalty of fifty guineas."

"I hardly know why, but I always think that I would like to give the signal once, just to see what would happen."

"The incentive now darkened the doorways, and a charming laugh rippled in, calling him back from the land of meadows."

"Were you dreaming," she asked with a fleeting glance, "of your first case?"

"No," he replied, reluctantly forced to the truth. "The letter I just received carried me back to my early life on a farm."

"Then—if you like, Frau Hofrathin—" Two souls with but a single thought—let us put it to the test."

"But think of the consequences. You would be arrested and imprisoned; and then—imagine the panic of our fellow passengers. By the way, could they tell who had given the signal?"

"I rather think the machinery registers that. But, really, this would be the best possible opportunity, and I am curious to the limit. There is a long stop at Linz, time enough for the station master to prefer a charge against me and for me to pay the penalty for that is all there is to it. I will simply tell him that I intended to turn off the heat, and made a mistake. Sc—" and before the young woman could prevent him he had pulled the lever."

A shrill whistle and a jerk, the wheels creaking and groaning beneath the grinding pressure of the breaks—another jerk, and the train stopped. Passengers rushed from carriage to carriage, guards ran from window to window. Then suddenly followed a blinding crash.

The local had, as usual, been delayed, and behind it came rushing on the Orient express, which was due in Linz a few minutes after the local, and preceded it from there on. The guards, started by the danger signal, thought only of discovering where help was needed, and in the excitement and confusion no one had remembered the danger that threatened and no precautions had been taken to flag the train.

Owing to the heavy, impenetrable fog, and also to the fact that the local had come to a stop just around a curve, the engineer of the Orient express had first seen it when only a few yards distant, and though he blew his whistle and applied the brakes, the express dashed into the train ahead at almost full speed. Fifteen dead, more than forty severely injured.

The examination disclosed nothing definite. So much was certain, that the danger signal had been given. By whom and why remained a mystery. Some thought that perhaps a passenger had seen the Orient express coming, and had thought thus to avoid a possible collision.

Edgar's friends wonder—that he, once the gayest of the gay, is now so often sad and melancholy. "You know," they say, "he was in that terrible railroad accident near Linz, and was the only one in the rear carriage to escape with his life. That is why he is always so unwilling now to travel by train."

"Well, Garret," she asked. "Did you find any encouraging evidence?"

"I fear not. I ran up for the day to let your father's focusing eye magnify a little speck that I see."

"Why, of course," she said a little coldly, "if so much hinges on your winning your first case, you would naturally want to win."

"Denise," he replied earnestly, "as deeply as I love you, our marriage is not the only incentive. My friend has a wife and babies. The loss of all his property would wreck a happy little household."

Her eyes were turned persistently from him.

"I must go to the office now," he said after a slight pause. "I go back to-night."

Her farewell was in a frigid tone, and he went away, depressed by her lack of sympathy and understanding.

It took the entire day for the judge to go over the tangled evidence with him, and he barely made his train.

"I will be out when the case comes to court if you wish, Garret," volunteered the judge. "I may see a point here and there to suggest."

"Oh, judge, it is more than I dare ask," exclaimed Garret gratefully, "it is awfully kind."

"Well," said the judge, "it seems to be a matter of importance to my family that you win."

Then noting the wince in the young man's eyes, he added kindly: "You mustn't put too much importance on a young woman's pique. Her heart is all right."

Two weeks later the Judge informed Denise of his decision.

"I shall go with you, papa," she announced.

"That's a good idea, Denise. Your presence will sustain Garret even more

than will mine."

At the top on his shoulder Garret turned and saw her.

"Garret," she whispered, her heart aglow—at the loveliness in his eyes, as he slipped into the seat beside her. "I hope you will win this case."

"And if I don't, don't Denise?"

"Why, then, dear, we won't count this case as your first. And, Garret, I want you to win for his sake."

He pressed her hand and then went on the case with the best reinforcement a man can have.

"How did you happen to come Denisse?" he asked as they were leaving the courtroom.

"Papa thought you would lose, and I thought if you did, you would need my consolation. And you won against such odds, he says. I am so glad that—"

"That's what, sweetheart?"

"That I said yes before you won."

His First Case

By BELLE MANiates

A reminiscent look came into Garret's eyes as he read the letter bearing the postmark of an up-state town. It carried him back to his early life of toil on a farm where he had earned the money for college. From college by a stroke of fortune in attracting the favorable notice of Judge Larned he had been taken into a law office, where he had assisted in the preparation of many a case, but his first case, one in which he would have entire and undivided sway, was yet to be and to the gaining and winning of this case he had a great incentive.

The incentive now darkened the doorway, and a charming laugh rippled in, calling him back from the land of meadows.

"Were you dreaming," she asked with a fleeting glance, "of your first case?"

"No," he replied, reluctantly forced to the truth. "The letter I just received carried me back to my early life on a farm."

"Then—if you like, Frau Hofrathin—" Two souls with but a single thought—let us put it to the test."

"But think of the consequences. You would be arrested and imprisoned; and then—imagine the panic of our fellow passengers. By the way, could they tell who had given the signal?"

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PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PERIL IN FLIRTATION.

By Rev. Frederick E. Hopkins.

Flirtation is the cause of our social evil. It undermines the home. It makes marriage look like a failure. The rapidly increasing number of women who drink and smoke in fashionable restaurants shows where stations on the route are located and the men in the big, swift touring cars accomplish the rest of the trip with merciless brevity, but leave behind the fumes of a scandal that will fill the air.

In respect of this evil, as of all others, we need to remember that first steps are the dangerous steps, first compromises the dangerous compromises.

When men and women are loitering about through life wondering what they will do next, a serpent not far away is apt to lift its head—and sight the bird. From the Garden of Eden to the present hour snakes have loved Eve in a snake's way. Samson has lied and joked with Delilah, Sappho has loved the young student as the devil loves the world. It is a love with the most beautiful face you ever saw. It is love with the most attractive personality you have ever known. It is a love with what is called temperament, you know—makes a lie sound better than the truth. It can make the red-headed, black-faced Cleopatra look so fascinating that the great Marc Antony is content to be dragged behind her barge like a dead fish.

The love of the flirt is a love that makes men and women forget their honor, their vows, their ambitions, their talents, their fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, and all the great hopes of time and eternity. The first steps may lead down the marble steps of a palace of pleasure. But look at the end!

BRINGING NATIONS CLOSER TOGETHER.

By Edgar Fuller.

It is easy to perceive from past history how individualism and competition peoples the earth. The pressure of growing slavery kept actuating men to push farther westward, to where there was greater freedom. America was discovered because the merchants of Venice formed a monopoly of the East India trade and levied tribute that was outrageous. A western route was sought in order to evade it, and instead a new continent was discovered. This was of far greater importance to the oppressed lower classes of Europe than the accomplishment of the original purpose would have been and it is of great relief even yet.

The world is now becoming rapidly populated with no more new continents to discover, and the result must be that collectivism and co-operation will take the place of individualism and competition—otherwise slavery will become universal. Members of the capitalist class, having pursued each other all over the globe trying to find a market for their surplus products and finding themselves up against it, are now gradually consolidating industrially into a trust and politically into one big fighting machine. Money knows no country and one country is as good to exact profits in as another. Labor sees what is coming and is also beginning to organize internationally. The railroads, the steamships and the telegraph are bringing all nations closer and closer to each other and in course of time they will unite into

one vast co-operative commonwealth. There is destined to be considerable conflict, however, before this can be successfully accomplished.

DISCONTENT OF RICHES AND POVERTY.

By Walfred Black.

A little girl lay down on her sister's grave and died the other day. And when the mother went to the drug store to telephone to ask for help she fainted, and the drug store people discovered that the mother had not eaten anything for nearly two days because there was no money to buy food.

In the same paper that told this little story I read that cigarettes were in fashion again this year because they were so expensive that the very presence of an cigarette meant that the owner must have money, or at least had it when she bought the hat, and that black pearls were again in vogue; and that it was bad form to let the bay horse go out with anything but an ermine carriage blanket.

I wonder if the little girl who lay down and died rather than to struggle through a world like the one she lived in wasn't, after all, wise after her kind and condition? I suppose that poor mother walked the streets right beside some discontented rich woman a dozen times, and unless she walked unusual paths she certainly went past a dozen young girls who are making their own mothers miserable because they can't have just exactly the latest thing in jewelry or the newest thing in automobiles, "like the other girls."

If I had one of those "like-the-other-girls" daughters I'd make her spend at least half of her time getting acquainted with some of these "other girls," like the one who lay down and died of hunger and heartache and sorrowful discouragement the other day. I believe it would do her good.—Chicago Examiner.

THE CHURCH'S BUSINESS.

By President Woodrow Wilson.

The business of the church is not to pity men. The business of the church is not to rescue them from their suffering by the mere means of material relief or even by the means of spiritual reassurance. The church cannot afford to pity men because it knows that men, if they would take it, have the richest and completest inheritance that it is possible to conceive, and that, rather than being deserving of pity, they are to be challenged to assert in themselves those things which will make them independent of pity.

No man who has recovered the integrity of his soul is any longer the object of pity, and it is to enable him to recover that lost integrity that the Christian church is organized. To my thinking, the Christian church stands at the center not only of philanthropy, but at the center of education, at the center of science, at the center of philosophy, at the center of politics—in short, at the center of sentiment and thinking life. And the business of the Christian church, of the Christian minister, is to show the spiritual relations of men to the greater world processes whether they be physical or spiritual. It is nothing less than to show the plan of life and men's relations to the plan of life.

THE LIFE OF A SWITCHMAN.

It May Not Be Picturesque, but There Are Few More Dangerous.

The frontier is fast disappearing, and the hardy pioneer who packed his pets or harvested his scanty crops under the eye of hostile Indians is mere history. An heroic figure in history, writes F. C. Scoville. But the industrial frontier and the pioneer workman will never become things of the past. The venturesome spirits who 100 years ago would have pushed westward into unknown lands have turned their hands to work which, if not more picturesque, is fully as dangerous.

That interesting racing annual, the racing game wherein the necessities and

overloaded car, a pin, may stick, and in the hurried effort to fight the knuckle before the car meets his hand, may be crushed. Unheard trains may toss him when he rounds the end of a string of cars. While pulling a pin on a sharp curve to make a "drop" he may be caught between the corners of the cars and his ribs staved in.

Constant vigilance is the price of the switchman's life. Occasionally even constant vigilance is fruitless. Death leers at seemingly the safest moment.

Hair Pins Worth \$25,000. Led on by a love for rare and unique scarf pins, A. M. Brinckle, known throughout the country as the "scarf-pin man," arrived in Des Moines to think it over. Such was his humor.

I've been in the hair-tonic business for a good many years and, take my word for it, there is no such thing as a bald-headed dago barber. No, I can't explain it. It is simply an inescapable veritable fact. That's why I say my best customers are the proprietors of these shops. Would you buy a bottle of hair tonic from a barber with a bald pate? Would you place any confidence in the recommendation of a barber whose thatch had a mangy, moth-eaten appearance? Not if you are in your sober senses. American barbers and barbers of other nationalities, particularly the Germans, have a disgusting habit of losing their hair. I use the adjective advisedly from my point of view, for it interferes with my business. And it's a curious thing that when a barber loses his hair he doesn't lose his job. Nor is his salary reduced. Inasmuch as a considerable portion of the revenue of a shop consists of the selling of various toilet preparations, you would naturally think that, in the interest of expert craftsmanship, when a barber lost his hair he would also lose his job. But the boss barber is a person to be reckoned with, quite aside from the purely commercial phase of the situation. He is loyal to his men and loyal to an extent that would seem suicidal to the head of a big industrial corporation. But that's his attitude, and in a way it is an admirable one. Still, that has nothing to do with the fact that there are no bald-headed Italian barbers. Keep your eyes peeled for one, and when you find him show me.

French Revolution Relics. A museum is about to be inaugurated in the famous prison of the Conciergerie which will be peculiarly rich in articles and papers connected with the revolution, and especially with Marie Antoinette, says the London Globe.

The museum will be quartered in the Salle des Girondins. The Marie Antoinette relics include the armchair which she used during her long detention—the lamp which illuminated her cell, the ebony and ivory crucifix which she kissed before leaving for her execution, and two pictures representing the doomed queen at communion and in her cell.

A Relief. "Johnny," said the boy's mother, "hope you have been a nice, quiet boy at school this afternoon." "That's what I was," answered Johnny. "I went to sleep right after dinner, and the teacher said she'd whip any boy in the room who woke me up."—Boston Post.

Gathering scarf pins is a hobby with Mr. Brinckle. Although unusual and costly, it has proved to be intensely interesting. A large number of the scarf pins have a history, which the owner, with enthusiasm pride, loves

DEFENDANTS IN A NOTED MURDER CASE.



Woman and Her Alleged Affinity, Who Have Been on Trial at Waukesha, Ill., as Being Connected with the Killing of Bunker J. B. Sayler of Crescent City.

BATTLESHIP FLEET ON FOREIGN CRUISE

SOCIALIST CHOSEN NEW MAYOR OF MILWAUKEE.

FIFTEEN OF THE LARGEST VESSELS OF THE NAVY TO MAKE VOYAGE NEXT FALL.

MEDITERRANEAN IS THE GOAL

Admiral Seaton Schroeder to Command Formidable Force on Trip to Foreign Waters.

Plans for the cruise of the United States Atlantic fleet to the Mediterranean next fall soon will be mapped out by Rear Admiral Richard Wright, aid for naval operations; Rear Admiral Reginald F. Nicolson, chief of the bureau of navigation; and Rear Admiral William P. Potter, aid for naval personnel. The fleet, it is expected, will leave Hampton Roads next November. Only battle ships, it is reported, will make the cruise, and the plan is to divide the fleet into four squadrons after it reaches Eastern waters, each squadron to visit Mediterranean ports separately. According to present plans, the ships to make the cruise will be the Connecticut, Kansas, Louisiana and Vermont, comprising the first division; the Minnesota, Idaho, Mississippi and New Hampshire, second division; the Georgia, Nebraska, New Jersey and Rhode Island, third division, and the Virginia, Wisconsin and Missouri, fourth division. Rear Admiral Seaton Schroeder, commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet, will command the cruise, and fly his pennant from the Connecticut. Three battle ships now building—the Delaware, Michigan and North Dakota—if completed in time for the cruise, may make up a fifth squadron or replace the oldest of the other battle ships.

STAFF FOR THE STATE.

At a banquet at Los Angeles Andrew Carnegie said that a man who dies with millions of dollars should forfeit all of his fortune to the State. He said that combinations were bound to exist and that the consumer would not have a chance. He predicted that before many years every workman would be a partner in the business in which he was employed. He did not believe in the income tax, as it would "make a nation of lars." Speaking of stock companies he said, "The day is coming when men who operate on the exchange as parasites upon values instead of creating them will not be recognized as men of affairs. I have very strong ideas about these gamblers, and I do not consider they should be recognized."

FRANCE HAS AGE PENSIONS.

The French Senate passed the age pension bill, over which a controversy has gone on for several years, but not in the form to suit the radical wing of the Socialists. The law will affect about 17,000,000 workers. Three sources of the pension provided are:

From the workers at the rate of 9 francs for men, 8 francs for women and 4½ francs for minors—an equal amount from the employers and a certain sum from the State. People will begin to draw the pension at the age of 65, or after thirty years of service.

INTERNATIONAL PRINTING PRESSMEN AND ASSISTANTS' UNION HAS A MEMBERSHIP OF ABOUT 23,000.

Over \$12,000,000 worth of workingmen's shirts and overalls are produced annually in our prisons.

On May 3, at Philadelphia, Chartered Society of Amalgamated Lace Operatives will convene.

A local union of the Cloth-Hat and Cap Makers' Union of North America has been formed in Brooklyn, N. Y.

San Francisco (Cal.) Garment Workers' Union is giving a practical demonstration of its work in the show window of a large store to help the union label and create a demand for rooms bearing the same.

The directors of the Toronto (Canada) Labor Temple Company have decided that the only tenants that may remain rooms in their building for the future will be those affiliated with international organizations.

In Missouri in 1908 there was an increase in the average pay-an-hour over 1907, the average being 36.45 cents, as compared with 36.29 cents for the other year. There was also a decrease in the average daily working time over the year before from 9.01 hours a day to 8.85.

Statistics show that in the city of New York there are 25,000 women who by their own labor support their husbands and families.

A committee on organization has been formed by the Women's Trade Union League to carry on the work of organizing the Jewish workingwomen of the Manhattan east side.

International Organization A. Rosenberg is in Boston, Mass., to aid the members of Ladies' Tailors and Dressmakers, who have been in strike for nearly ten months. The busy season is about to begin, and efforts will be made to bring about a settlement of all questions at issue.



amount and kind of feed fed, then I can tell whether the cow is a paying proposition or not. A cow that eats a dollar's worth of butter is of little value, even though she produces 20 pounds of butter per week. What prospective purchasers want and are entitled to is what your cow has done for a year in milk according to the test, what feeds were fed and what kind of care was given. Don't pamper, don't stuff, but don't be afraid to feed. There are thousands of cows ruined by underfeeding where one is spoiled by overfeeding.

DOCTORING ANIMALS.

One thing we have learned, however, and that is that the best thing to do in a case of ordinary illness is to do nothing. Just give nature a chance to attend the patient. Nine times out of ten we do not exactly know what is the matter with the ailing creature. Symptoms are all we have to go by anyhow, and they are usually complex with man and beast.

Cattle have the sense to do what we men folks seldom will, and that is stop eating when they do not feel right. That is one of nature's best methods of curing sickness with us all. Just let the system work off some of the accumulated matter and the chances are that everything will soon be all right. If we can do anything to help in this process, all right. Treatment to thoroughly relieve the burdened digestive apparatus is the best thing we can do. More than that is more likely to do harm than good, unless one be a skilled veterinarian, as few farmer folks are.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Treatment for Worms in Horses. This is one of the best worm destroyers for unthrifty colts and horses that we have ever tried. Mix together one pound each of sugar and salt; in this mix one-half pound of fine smoking tobacco, six ounces of powdered sulphate of iron. As a dose for a mature horse give a heaping tablespoonful in a wheat bran mush every morning for two weeks. Colts should be given in smaller proportion to size and age.

A veterinary supply house advises the following remedy for worms in horses: Give a teaspoonful of powdered copper sulphate every morning in feed for three or four days, then give two ounces of turpentine in a pint of raw linseed oil. Feed soft feed and keep infected animal in the stable while under this treatment.

A veterinary surgeon, signing no name, suggests this treatment in an exchange: Clear the bowels by allowing the horse to fast over night and give in the morning two ounces of turpentine in a pint of raw linseed oil or gruel. Followed in the course of an hour with a bran mash; repeat this for two or three mornings. Santosin in half or one-quarter ounce doses, made into powders, with linseed meal, may be given to valuable horses for two or three mornings in succession, followed by a cathartic.

A JOB WORTH WHILE.

Every foot of land that does not bring in something every year is just as far a drag on the rest of the place that yields good crops. A neighbor of mine had a place on his farm that was low and wet, so that it troubled him about plowing it in the spring or fall of the year. Often even in haying it would be so wet that it would be quite a nasty piece of work to get the hay off. All at once we saw a pile of monstrous great tit on the ground where that wet place was. It must have been 16 or 18 inches in diameter. I never saw such the put down in a field in all my life. Whether he really needed that or not I have always questioned, but he got it. The idea seemed to be to make the thing dead sure while he was about it. And he did.

He put a deep ditch down through the field, the lower end extending to the bank of a creek which wound its way across the farm. Into this he laid the tit, and to-day the land is like a garden. No more trouble about working that land at any time of the year. When any land can be cultivated, that can. And the crops have been just about doubled. Did that pay? The man that pays the taxes must look out for all such unprofitable pieces of land. If he does not, they will eat him up alive. Every bit of land should be made to produce the very most possible. That would mean farm success for us all.—Agricultural Epitomist.

BEES HELP ALFALFA FIELDS.

It has been discovered that the honey bee is of even more importance to the alfalfa than the alfalfa to the bee. The wonderful strength and speed of the bees take them long distances for their food, and they have recourse to a great variety of plants. But the peculiar construction of the alfalfa blossom renders it unable to fertilize itself, and its shape makes cross fertilization very difficult.

Careful observations have been made of seed pods grown near colonies of bees, and also of those so far from any bee colonies that it was safe to assume no bees had visited the fields producing the pods. In every case it was found that those from near-by fields had from 50 to 75 per cent more seeds than the others, and that they were larger and more perfectly developed. In this state, in Colorado and in western Kansas, where bee culture has been greatly developed in recent years, it is found that the alfalfa seed crop in fields nearest to the bee colonies is much heavier and of better quality than that of fields but a few miles away.

At the Kansas Experiment Station a small plot of vigorous alfalfa was covered just before coming into bloom with mosquito netting supported on sticks. It was therefore known that no bees or insects could come into contact with the blossoms. Under a careful examination disclosed that the pods which had formed were entirely without seeds.

MAKING A COUPLE ON A STORMY NIGHT.

Luxuries of life are whirled from one end of the continent to the other at a constantly increasing pace has engrossed many of the present day industrial pioneers. Among them, skirting the death line as delicately as the aviator, the deep sea diver, the structural steel worker, or the lineman, stands the switchman. Without him the arteries of trade would cease to flow.

In a thousand yards, amid a bewildering maze of tracks and switches, and under the patterning hall of cinders the switchman works, seemingly carefree of the perils that beset his every footstep. Dangerous during the day, the yards are trebly so at night and during the winter. One second's carelessness, a slippery footboard, an ice-covered girder, or even a mistaken signal by the engineer may cause his instant death or, less mercifully, make him a helpless cripple for life.

Death, of his companion, disablement starts the switchman in the face every turn. A huge chunk of coal may topple upon his head from an

earthquake, or a falling girder may dash him to the ground. Health, honesty, horse sense and hard work is a combination you can't down; if your rival has these qualities, form a trust with him.

Crawford Avalanche.

G. PALMER, Owner and Publisher.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One Year.....\$1.00
Six Months.....\$0.50
Three Months.....\$0.33
Paid to Second-class Register at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1893.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, APR. 14

Additional Local Matter

Circuit Court Notes.

The regular April term of the Circuit Court for this county convened Monday, April 11, Hon. Nelson Sharpe, Circuit Judge, presiding, and Stephen Claude Austin at his desk.

The first case tried was that of John Perry, charged with larceny and resulting in his acquittal.

The People vs Alexander Young, larceny. Found guilty but the value of property was reduced to less than twenty-five dollars. Sentenced to 90 days in Detroit House of Correction.

The case of Andrew Mortenson vs S. B. Brott, replevin. Judgement for defendant for \$8.98 and costs.

The case of Peter L. Brown vs school dist no. 1, Grayling, was set-aside out of court.

The cases of Dickenson vs Underhill, trespass on the case, and Underhill vs Dickenson, bill to reform deed, were each stricken from the calendar.

The case of Joseph Couchoen vs John House, trespass on the case, is on trial as we go to press.

Gid. Croteau and family are nicely settled in their new home recently purchased on Chestnut street.

For sewing machines: the best in the market, and at the lowest price call at the AVALANCHE office.

Geo. H. Notevare, special agent of the Pension Bureau, is in the village this week looking over the factories and mills.

Rev. James Ivey got word last week Wednesday of the serious illness of his aged mother at Marquette and left on the next train to be with her. His talented wife fills the pulpit during his absence.

The following attorneys from outside the local bar were present in court this week, being engaged in the several cases: Lewis P. Coumans of Bay City, Wm. T. Yeo and Ross & Harris of West Branch, and H. H. Woodruff of Roscommon.

Mrs. H. Oaks and Mrs. A. L. Pond represented the Grayling Hive L. O. T. M. M. at the county convention held at Vanderbilt, Tuesday, to elect delegates to the state convention in June. Mrs. Chas. Amidon and Mrs. Geo. Crandall accompanied them. Mr. Crandall attended a like meeting at Gaylord at the same time.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father to call from the home of our brother, Adam F. Gierke, his beloved son Wilson, therefore be it

Resolved, that in behalf of the members of Court Grayling J. O. P. no. 790 we extend to the bereaved family the sincere sympathy of our order, and pray that God will grant them strength necessary to submit to his divine will.

Resolved, that we extend to Court Grayling J. O. P. no. 790 our sympathy in the loss of their brother, Wilson Gierke.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and that another copy be printed in the local paper.

ELIZABETH BATES
EDNA WAINWRIGHT
ANNA HARRINGTON.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At a regular meeting of Marvin W. R. C. a committee on resolutions was appointed, who presented the following which were adopted.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father in his Divine Providence to call from this world of care to that sweet rest beyond, the beloved father of our esteemed sister, Agnes Havens, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we, the members of Marvin W. R. C. No. 162, extend to our sister our tenderest sympathy in this dark hour of bereavement, and be it further

RESOLVED, That her burden may be lightened by fully trusting in God and he will give her strength, and be it further

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the records of this Corps and also given to the Crawford Avalanche for publication.

RHODA EVERETT
MARY FEHR
AMANDA TYLER
Committee.

THE DEMON OF THE AIR.
is the germ of La Grippe, that breathes in, brings suffering to thousands, gives effects are weakness, nervousness, with disordered liver and kidneys. The greatest need then is some Bitter, the splendid tonic, Buckler and regulator of Stomach and Kidneys. Thousands know that they wonderfully strengthen the nerves, build up the skin and restore health and good health after an attack of Grippe. A. M. LEY.

Michigan Central Engine

Boiler Blows Up,

Last week Wednesday afternoon about 4:15 o'clock, April 6th, 1910, with a roar that was plainly heard in this city by many of our people, a Michigan Central freight engine boiler exploded while north bound out of this city about two miles, in the vicinity of the turpentine plant and not far from "T" Town. It was a big compound engine, No. 7720, and was pulling a string of empty flat cars for Wolverine, under charge of conductor John Smith. It is hard to explain the cause of the explosion, and it may never be known. Head brakeman Daniel Byrnes, who was riding in the cab with the engineer and fireman, was instantly killed, his left arm and left leg being broken and internal injuries inflicted. His home was in Pinconning, where the body was shipped, and the funeral held Friday. He was 25 years old and had been married only 18 months. He leaves, beside his widow, an infant son three months old, and a sister in Pinconning.

The train crew say that while the train was going under full steam at ordinary rate of speed, there came without warning that awful crash, grinding, tearing of cars through debris, and the train came to a stop.

The boiler and cab, in fact the whole front part of the engine, with the cab, was hurled with great force a distance of more than two hundred feet, being torn from the trucks, which were left standing on the track. The breakage of air pipes set the brakes and brought the train to a quick stop.

The tender of the big engine was left standing on the tracks.

Fireman Wilson Gierke, whose home is in this city, was blown 20 feet from the cab and was so badly injured and scalped that death came as a welcome release about six hours after the accident. He was engaged to an estimable young lady of this city, and the wedding set for some day in June. His father is A. F. Gierke, conductor on the Michigan Central.

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Engineer John Green, of Bay City, was also blown about 20 feet out of the cab and suffered a broken leg and arm, and in addition was internally hurt, and scalped about the head and face, and is in a critical condition, with slight hopes that he may pull through and eventually recover. It is a miracle that all the men were not instantly killed. Mr. Green's wife and brother are here from Bay City and doing what they can for the unfortunate man. LATER As we go to press we learn that unfavorable symptoms have developed in the case of Engineer Green and his life hangs on a very slender thread.

The company with their usual promptness cleared the track of the wreckage so that traffic was not interfered with, and have done what they could for the relief and assistance of the injured men.

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Wanted—Young ladies for senior parties and junior hop. Send all applications to the secretary of the senior or sophomore class.

Vera Crandall of the 6th grade has had a record of 100 in spelling since the beginning of the second semester.

Wanted—New style of hair dressing for the girls to wear at the "11" Hop.

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Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, APR. 14

Local and Neighborhood News.

Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year IN ADVANCE. If you are up, please renew promptly. A following your name means we want our copy.

All advertisements, communications, correspondence, etc., must reach us by Tuesday noon, and can not be considered later.

Cramer repairs pumps.

Time to take up the yards and make garden.

J. A. CRAMER, plumbing and heating.

Dwelling houses and corner store building for sale.—L. Fournier. 13tf

Mrs. J. Burt is home from her visit to Detroit and Bay City.

St. Charles coal, the best in the market, for sale by George Langevin.

Mrs. Alfred Olson returned Saturday from a visit to Gaylord.

Mr. Carrier of Lovell is said to be suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs.

Isaac Lamont from Maple Forest now has a position at the flooring mill.

Percy Patterson, the piano-tuner, is making the rounds of the town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Wilcox left yesterday for a week or two visit with their son and daughter in Flint.

Mrs. James Burton came up from Cheboygan for a few days visit with friends this week.

Miss Frankie Love spent Saturday and Sunday in town as the guest of Mrs. George Smith.

Everybody read our "GREAT SUBSCRIPTION OFFER." This applies to all who are paid in advance.

Mrs. Chas. Austin is improving rapidly and the baby girl is certainly a growing.

FOR SALE—One oil stove, one bed and one go cart. Enquire of MRS. GEO. TYLER.

Floyd Taylor is moving into the house just vacated by Mrs. Byrnes on Maple street.

Beech and Maple Block Wood for furnaces. Leave orders with SALLING HANSON COMPANY.

Mr. Robert Lamont, a brother of Mrs. Gierke, with his wife, of Bay City, remained here for a few days.

Buy your coal of George Langevin. You will get the best and at the right price, delivered.

The Christian Endeavor met with Mrs. Fleming Tuesday evening for their regular monthly business meeting.

Have you studied the tax supplement? If not, do so; your property may be involved.

FOR SALE—Modern 9 room house with furnace, bath, and electric lights—most desirable location for a home. 13tf L. Fournier.

Three houses and ten acres of land on south side for sale cheap for cash. L. Fournier.

FOR SALE—Seven room house, in good condition, on Park St., third house south of Michigan Ave. For price and term, address John Johnson, Isaac St., Lansing, Mich.

Don't fail to see our new line of spring shoes and oxfords, both for ladies and gentlemen.

GRAYLING MERCANTILE CO.

WANTED—Lathe, Milling Machine and Drill Press men. Assemblers, rough-stuff and varnish rubbers and painters. Good wages and steady work. Apply immediately to Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich. 15-6.

For plastering and other mason work and estimates of work in my line, call or address Wm. Fairbotham, Grayling, Mich. 13-7.

We just received a new line of tailor made shirts all colors and sizes. Call and see them.

GRAYLING MERCANTILE CO.

Prompt relief in all cases of throat and lung trouble if you use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Pleasant to take, soothing and healing in effect. Sold by all dealers.

The ladies of the Danielian Lutheran Church will give a social and supper at Danbeob Hall, Thursday, April 14th. Supper 25 cents, children under 12 years 15 cents. Everybody cordially invited. Service from 3 to 8 o'clock.

Your tongue is coated. Your breath is foul.

Headache? Come and go. These symptoms show that your stomach is the trouble. To remove the cause is the first thing and Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will do that. Easy to take and most effective. Sold by all dealers.

Comrade W. B. Chalker and his wife almost miraculously escaped a serious if not fatal accident on the road from Maple Forest to the cemetery in this village with the procession accompanying the body of comrade Johnson Tuesday. A run-away team attempting to pass their carriage and locked wheels in such a way that they were capsized, but without injury except a severe shaking up and some minor bruises.

Have Cramer do your plumbing.

Veterinary surgeon W. H. Hanigan of Gaylord was doing business in town Monday afternoon and Tuesday.

Miss Bell took her Sunday school class of boys out after the arbuts Tuesday after school.

Just arrived, a new line of Ladies and Men's suits. Most novel styles ever seen in Grayling. Call and see them.

GRAYLING MERCANTILE CO.

A good suite of seven rooms for rent. Electric light and water. Enquire at the restaurant.

CHARLES E. STANABE.

WANTED—A good work horse, broke for farm work, weighing 1,000 to 1,200, not older than 12 years. P. AEBLI, Grayling, Mich.

Have you seen the comet? A few who were watching for it report that they saw the tail between one and two o'clock Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Austin of West Branch are the guests of Mrs. Roemer this week while Mr. Austin is busy at the court-house.

Calls and see our new line of men's and youth's suits, hats and caps. Just the same styles as in the cities.

GRAYLING MERCANTILE CO.

Mrs. Peter Peter and the baby of Bay City came up this week to pay her mother, Mrs. Wm. Hammond, a visit.

Rev. J. Humphrey Flemming left last Monday morning to attend the meeting of the Saginaw Presbytery which holds its annual session at Mt. Pleasant this week, beginning Tuesday the 12th.

Diarrhoea should be cured without loss of time and by a medicine which like Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy not only cures promptly but produces no unpleasant after effects. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. Sold by all dealers.

FOR SALE—2 river boats, one for \$10 and one for \$20; 1 good plow for \$5; small forge \$5; also seed potatoes. Can be seen at Phil Mosher's, Henry Stephan, Grayling.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets assist nature in driving all impurities out of the system, insuring a free and regular condition and restoring the organs of the body to health and strength. Sold by all dealers.

Judge Nelson Sharpe of West Branch, while in town holding court this week, was a welcome caller at this office.

W. R. C. Ladies will serve a 15 cent lunch at the G. A. R. hall from 5 to 8 Saturday, April 23rd. Everybody invited.

The young married people of Beaver Creek met with George Belmonte yesterday afternoon for their regular monthly visit and good time.

Beaver Creek farmers already have in their oats, spring wheat and rye and are getting ready for potatoes and corn.

Mrs. J. Isenbauer returned Monday from Ann Arbor a little better, but she must go there again every ten days for a while.

Arthur Dupree had the misfortune to have his finger badly smashed at the planning mill Thursday morning, which will make it necessary to take a short rest.

It is a well established rule of economics that the young man who would rise with the sun should not stay up later than ten o'clock with the daughter.

As it was necessary for L. E. Parker to visit the extreme southeastern corner of the county, he made it all on foot, a distance of 40 miles, which proves him to be as young as ever was.

S. G. Scargin, the Optician, will again be at McClain's restaurant Saturday, April 14th. Will remain until Tuesday, April 16th. Eyes tested free. Glasses at reasonable prices. Will call at residence if requested.

The fire departments have very interesting meetings every two weeks now. They have joined the State Firemen's Association for their own protection, and would like the people to stand by them.

DIED—At his home in Maple Forest, Saturday, April 9, Carlos B. Johnson, aged 70 years. The deceased was a soldier of the civil war, having enlisted at Camden, Mich., in Co. K, 11th Mich. Vol. Infantry, August 24, 1861, and served continuously until Sept. 30, 1864, when he was mustered out at Sturgis, Mich. He was married in 1865 to Miss Emma Breymann at Berrien Springs, and to them two sons were born, Wm. C. and Arnold F., both of whom are living in Maple Forest in this country.

Mrs. Lege, as one of the Ladies Aid, entertained ten ladies at a ten cent tea Tuesday afternoon. Each lady will entertain ten others and so on until enough is raised to clean the church.

Miss Nina Peterson entertained eighteen of her little friends Monday, the 14th, the occasion being her eleventh birthday. She received a number of very pretty presents.

Every family and especially those who reside in the country should be provided at all times with a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment. There is no telling when it may be wanted in case of an accident or emergency.

It is most excellent in all cases of rheumatism, sprains and bruises. Sold by all dealers.

The regular "nose counting" United States contest will begin tomorrow and continue for thirty days if not sooner completed. The entries comprise the following athletes on the courses designated: Maple Forest, dist. no. 1, Edwin Chalker, dist. no. 2, Edward Broughton; Frederic Chas. Lang; Beaver Creek, J. R. Skingsley; South Branch, Hugo Schreiber Jr.; Grayling, townships 26, 3, 25, 4 and the village of Grayling; J. N. Neider, townships 26, 2 and 27, P. E. Johnson. Everybody be ready to look pleasant and answer all questions.

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GRAYLING MERCANTILE CO.

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P. AEBLI, Grayling, Mich.

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Michigan Matters

News of the Week Concisely Condensed.

TOILER LEAVES CHARITY \$17,000

Will of Michigan Scrubwoman, Supposed Poor, Reveals Wealth. Mrs. Martha Heydlauff, an obscure and supposedly poor scrubwoman, died last August, in Grand Rapids, at the age of 74 as obscurely as she had lived. After a time a local bank produced a will. Later the contents of the document were made public. The scrubwoman left \$17,000 to charity. Mrs. Heydlauff, it has been learned, began earning her own living at the age of 12. She had been a widow for many years and was childless. This is practically all that is known of her. By the conditions of Mrs. Heydlauff's will most of her money is put into trust funds. The bequests include the following: State Public School, Coldwater, \$1,450; D. A. Blodgett Home for Children, Grand Rapids, \$3,000; Christian Science churches in Michigan (the poorer institutions), \$5,000; Christian Science Church, Grand Rapids, \$2,000; Christian Science Publishing Society, \$1,400; Christian Science Church at Fennville, Mich., \$1,200.

FRUIT MEN FEAR FROST.

Orchards Well Started by Warm March Weather. The early advent of warm weather is occasioning considerable alarm among the fruit growers of western Michigan, who anticipate that the annual severe cold spells in April may leave the trees frostbitten and despoil the present prospects for a bumper crop. The trees and orchards, especially in the famous fruit belt, are in the pink of condition and it is the confident belief that fruit of all kinds, including apples, will be plentiful. Prominent fruit growers and nurserymen have carefully inspected many of the orchards and indications for a heavy yield were never better. Young trees are looking well and with no severe frosts interfering the outlook is exceptionally bright.

FATHER AND SON SHOT.

Parent Wounded When He Pulls Weapon from Buggy. Accidentally shot by the same gun that killed his 12-year-old son, Purdy, about two weeks before, E. Smith, a farmer, five miles northeast of Stockbridge, died the other night. The boy was fatally wounded on a hunting trip while visiting relatives by the accidental discharge of his gun and died a few days later. The other day Smith started to pull the same gun from his buggy. When it had lain since the accident to his son when the weapon was discharged, the shot tearing a hole in his right side and exposing the lung. At last report Smith was still alive, but it is thought he cannot survive.

KILLS HIS PLAYMATE.

Youth Accidentally Discharges Gun While Handling It Curiously. While they were hunting for birds, Walter Szepanek, 9 years old, was accidentally shot and instantly killed by Olin Canfield, a 6-year-old playmate, in an old gravel pit north of Lansing. The two lads were accompanied by an older brother of the Canfield boy. In a moment of carelessness the oldest of the trio placed the shotgun on the ground while he was drinking from a spring. Suddenly had he turned his back when there was a flash and a report and the Szepanek boy fell to the ground, the full charge of shot having entered his back, tearing away a portion of his side.

FOUR DIE IN ST. JOSEPH RIVER.

Double Drowning at Beeren Springs Followed by Two Others. The St. Joseph river has claimed four victims in as many days. Following the double drowning of Edward Wetzel and Clarence Royle at Beeren Springs, the body of Mike Fisher, a sailor, was pulled from the river at St. Joseph. Fisher is supposed to have fallen accidentally into the river, and it may be that a companion with whom he last was seen may have met a like fate. Joseph Martin, in attempting to swim the river, was seized with cramps and sank. His body was not recovered.

BOY SHOT PLAYING INDIAN.

Eight-Year-Old Slays Companion with Club from Gun. While playing Indian Julius Caesar Rumsey, aged 8, shot and killed Frank Heminger, aged 14, in Grand Haven. The boy fired a charge from a shotgun into his companion's forehead. Young Heminger is a son of George Heminger, of North Grand Rapids, and was visiting his grandfather. The boys secured the shotgun after his recovery. He is 60 years old and has a wife and seven children.

ST. MARY'S RIVER IS OPENED.

Amen Goes from Soo to Mud Lake and Back. The United States lighthouse tender Amer steamed down the river the other morning, the first boat to leave Sault Ste. Marie for 1910. She went down as far as Mud Lake, returning again at evening. Captain Bernier reports encountering only a little floating ice and the river is therefore open to navigation.

Lived Forty Years in One House.

Mrs. Adeline Tarte, a resident of Muskegon for fifty-four years, died in the house in which she had lived for forty years. She was the mother of Charles E. Tarte, manager of the Citizens' Telephone Company of Grand Rapids.

Frank C. Pingree Is Dead.

Frank C. Pingree, prominent manufacturer and brother of the late Gov. Hazen S. Pingree, died in Detroit of paralysis. He was born in 1848 in Denmark. He was known for the rail act.

MICHIGAN "DRYS" AGAIN

Voters by Ballot Abolish 272 Saloons and Six Breweries.

WIN IN THE CAPITAL COUNTY

Grand Rapids, However, Stays in the Wet Column by 8,000 Majority.

In the number of counties carried in the local option election in Michigan, Monday, the Anti-Saloon League scored another big victory, though in the number of saloons put out of business as compared with the number they tried to kill and failed, their showing is not quite as good. They abolished 272 saloons and six breweries.

After May 1 forty-six of the eighty-three counties in Michigan will be dry, as against twenty-nine at present. Altogether thirty-six counties voted on the liquor question to-day. In twenty the drys won in sixteen the wets won.

In the counties carried by the wets are 375 saloons and nine breweries, but the majority of these are in Kent County, which went wet by nearly 9,000 majority. All but 300 of this majority was in the City of Grand Rapids. Mayor George E. Ellis was re-elected for the third time by 1,500 majority. The wets gained two notable reversals in counties that have been dry. They are Oakland and Westland Counties.

The counties carried by the drys, according to early returns, with their estimated majorities, are:

Cass 500 Midland 200 Shiawassee 600 Huron 500 Ingham 600 Clinton 150 Lapeer 800 Oscoda 150 Arenac 150 Alpena 500 Oceana 75 Lenawee 2,000 St. Joseph 100

The wets won in the following counties:

Kent 8,000 Saginaw 250 Huron 1,400 Mason 1,000 Luce 230 Monroe 500 Alger 100 Mackinac 400 Antrim 150 Chippewa 500 Gogebic 800 Roscommon 500 St. Joseph 100

The wets won in the following cities:

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Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.

For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

BUCKWHEATS VERSUS PIE

By BELLE MANIATES

Bertha awaited the coming of her caller without much animation. "He won't come many times," she said to her mother. "The other girls will get to inviting him and they will feed him with layer cakes and pies and ice cream. The boys say it's just like a poorhouse here. We never give them a thing to eat."

"Well, if that's all they come for, I'd be mighty glad to have them stay away. Pie and cake and ice cream is unhealthy stuff, and I ain't going to have any in my house. This is no eating house."

Mrs. Willets snapped out this declaration and went upstairs to bed at her usual early hour. She relented enough to caution the two young blys, Richard and Bert, not to go into the sitting room.

"Bertha's going to have a bear," she informed. "and you can sit in the kitchen and study your lessons."

They obediently went to the kitchen, but did not study.

"Who's coming to see Bertha?" asked Bert.

"Red Raymond. He's been out west for four years, you know. Been a cowboy and shot Indians."

"Oh, I hope Bertha keeps him for a steady."

"She won't," replied Richard, who had been eavesdropping, "because he won't let her make any pies and cake and stuff for him to eat."

"Huh!" commented Bert. "Tain't likely he's anything like these farmers around here. He won't care for pie and cake."

"Bertha don't seem to keep a fel low long," lamented Richard. "Ned Price only kept company a month. He says he likes fat girls with red cheeks. Bertha's pale and thin, you know."

"That's not a cowboy's style," remarked Bert, who had taken to drawing books from a circulating library. "They like the delicate kind."

The boys immediately set to work and when things were ready they marched into the sitting room, where Bertha, distraught from her mortification at not being able to offer Red cake and pie, was ill at ease and inattentive. She welcomed the diversion of the entrance of the boys.

"Say," said Bert. "Richard and I got hungry and we are going to have a spread in the kitchen. Don't you folks want to come out?"

"Sure we do," responded Red, promptly, rising from his chair with alacrity and following the boys.

Bertha obeyed with some trepidation.

"Oh, Lord!" ejaculated Red when he came into the big warm kitchen and smelled the coffee. "I do believe that's a stack of buckwheats. I used to dream about them when I was down in New Mexico."

Bertha's spirits rose. The boys had set the table nicely. The coffee smelled promising. There were a pitcher of cream and a jug of syrup on the table.

"Sit down," urged Bert. "I'll bake the cakes and Rich will serve you. Pour the coffee, Bertha."

"Say," inquired Richard, as he laid a golden-brown cake on Red's plate, "what did you call these? A what of buckwheat?"

"Stack," said Red, pouring about a pint of syrup over the cakes. "That's what they call them out west. Wheat cakes is a stack of whites. Poached eggs on toast is Adam and Eve on a raft."

"Go on tell more!" applauded Bert, waving a pancake turner excitedly in the air.

Red laughed and between cakes he related western tales to the boys' content.

"Is he coming again to-morrow night, Bertha?" whispered Richard from his room as his sister came upstairs at a late hour.

"Yes," she answered, happily. "It was just lovely of you, boys, to think of the cakes. He's going to bring you each a present to-morrow."

"It'll be all right for him," prophesied Bert. "You leave the feeding part to us."

The next night the little brothers again ushered themselves into the sitting room.

"We've got some Adam-and-Eves on rafts," grinned Richard.

"Well, you are the best cooks I know," said Red, approvingly, "and you bet you'll get a tip." He handed them each an Indian-bow-and-arrow.

The next night, as sisters began to come up the lane, he was met by Bert. "Say," said the boy, doggedly, "before you come in there's something I want to tell you."

"All right, my boy. Fire away."

"You see there ain't anything to eat to-night and we've run out of coffee and I thought it only fair to tell you before you came in, so you could turn back if you wanted to. But it ain't Bertha's fault. It's me that's stingy."

Red stared a moment and then burst into a hearty laugh.

"See here, Bert! You didn't think I came to your house to eat, did you? I came because I love your sister."

"Oh, Gee!" said the boy.

"The first time I set eyes on her I said, 'There's the girl for me.' When I called that first night she was so quiet I thought she didn't like me. I was clean discouraged till you boys broke the ice with your stack of buckwheats."

"Does Bertha know?"

"Well, I reckon she does unless she's a mighty poor guesser, but I am going to ask her plumb out to-night and I hope I'll be the master to-day."

GETTING READY

MAKING A LAWN

"When I decided to go south for a few weeks," said pretty Miss Carew, dolefully, "I thought I was going so very inexpensively that I deserved a medal for my cleverness."

"You haven't given it up, I hope?" asked her friend. "Your cousin has planned such a gay time for you that it would be too bad not to go."

"Oh, no; I'm going," said Miss Carew. "I couldn't back out now that my cousin has laid so many plans. She has a dance arranged for the very evening of the day I arrive, so I hope my trunk won't be late. But you see, I've come to the conclusion that the economical way to go always turns out to be the most expensive. When my cousin wrote me not to fail to come I accepted her invitation at once, because I had so very little to buy in order to go."

"You always have nice things," said her friend. "You wouldn't need a single new garment."

"That's what I thought," said Miss Carew. "I decided that a little piecing would fix me up and that's where I made my mistake. If I had started by getting a complete new outfit it would have been cheaper."

"The first things I looked at were my hats," explained Miss Carew. "Of course I couldn't travel in my plumed hat and my white one was out of the question. I took my old one to the milliner and had it re-trimmed, but when it came home I wasn't satisfied and I went back for a new one. Though I told the milliner it was for traveling, she showed me all sorts of deformed and distorted things with miles of ribbon and feathers on them and calmly announced that the lowest price was \$28. She said she wouldn't be giving the hats away for that ridiculous sum if it wasn't late in the season. Of course, I had to have a nice hat."

People expect a stranger to be particularly well dressed," agreed Miss Carew's friend, politely. "Isn't it funny? If we saw the same girl in the store every day we wouldn't care half so much what she wore."

"Well, I had to pay a terrible price for that hat," sighed Miss Carew. "Really, though, it is beautiful."

"Things have gone up so," said her friend. "You can't get hats for the old-time prices."

"Then I thought my old suit would do if I had it pressed and got a new waist-to-light-it-up," went on Miss Carew. "I ran all about looking for something about the same shade as my suit and finally found one for \$15 that would do. I discovered that my old suit was getting worse."

Say, he hated Bramshank from the sidewalk, "when did you decide to take up truck gardening? Aren't you afraid so much grass mixed in will interfere with the vegetables?"

Bramshank, after one pallid glance over his lawn, looked so queer that half the seed was the seed of unsorted garden vegetables.

There was carelessness about the groupings which might have appealed to an artistic nature, but which only further agonized the Bramshanks. There would be a little bunch of tomato plants, say, in the middle of the lawn and flanking them a thin, scattered array of feathered garter tops.

"Belts make the finishing touch," said the friend. "I've seen lots of suits spoiled by poor ones."

"My green de chine had to be cleaned and the sleeves had to be mended over," related Miss Carew. "Then when it came back from the dressmaker I thought it looked horrid and I got a blue meteor silk. Two suits had to be pressed. I had to get three pairs of gloves. Then my slippers cost me a lot more than I expected."

"You can use everything when you come home," said her friend, consolingly. "You'll be glad to have them when you get back."

"That's just it!" sighed Miss Carew. "Did you ever have anything to fall back on when you came home from visit? There won't be a thing left of my old clothes and the things I have bought new will be sights to see."

"Personally I am always rejoiced when my things go to pieces," said her friend. "For then I am absolutely forced to invest in new ones. It's when they're only half worn that I am in despair. Then my conscience forces me to make them do for many and all occasions. There's one consolation in going away—you can wear a lot of things everybody at home has seen, and the strangers will consider them new."

"Maybe that will be a comfort," said Miss Carew, more cheerfully. "You see, the railroad rates are so nice and low and I want to go so much. My cousin has planned the loveliest times."

"But when it came to getting three entirely new dresses—"

"You didn't!" exclaimed her friend. "Why, yes," said Miss Carew. "Even when fixed over, all my things looked so shabby, somehow. My cousin is going to so much trouble to give me a fine time, arranging to have something every evening I'm there. I had to have two dance gowns and I absolutely needed something for house wear. I think I did pretty well not to get new suit."

"Yes, but if you had stayed home you wouldn't—" Oh! her friend interrupted herself. "Isn't that where that handsome young Mr. Randolph lives who was here last summer at your aunt's?"

"I believe there are a number of men of that name there," acknowledged Miss Carew, with rising color. "But that has absolutely nothing to do with it. I am going for a rest, you know."

New-Arctic Expedition.

The Bulletin of the Geographical Society of Italy announces another arctic expedition. The leader will be Baldwin, the leader of the arctic expedition of 1901-1902. He proposes an exploration of the polar regions and to reach the pole. He proposes to follow the route taken by Nansen in the Fram. It is proposed to spend four years altogether in the search.

Increase in Rice Production.

Rice production in the United States grew, from an average of less than 100,000,000 pounds per annum a few years ago to an average of 500,000,000 pounds per annum in recent years and reached over 600,000,000 pounds in 1908.



Make the Home Bright

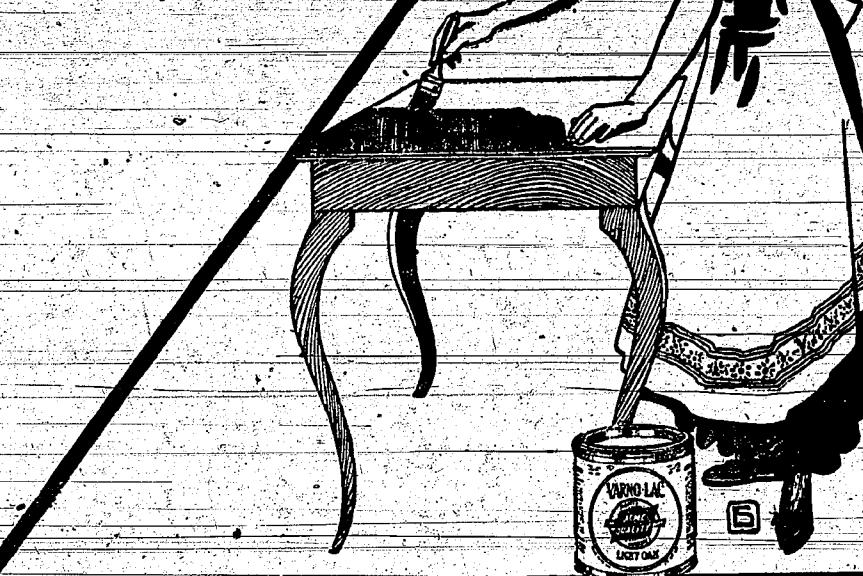
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For Sale by A. KRAUS, Grayling, Mich.

AREA WILL OUTST. EUROPE.

Immense Sum Expended in America for Precious Stones.

Time is Near When Occidental Countries Will Cease.

The new army which China is making ready for the emergencies of the future is thoroughly modern in its equipment and methods. The military attaches and newspaper correspondents who witnessed the maneuvers of 30,000 troops at Hsing-chou, pronounced the past value of these imports perfect for any existing in Europe.

The imperial edict which announced the holding of the maneuvers expressed the wish that officers of foreign countries would attend with a view to making out their fates provided.

The nearest approach to the splendid total of the fiscal year now closed was made by the figures for the calendar year ended December 31 last, the aggregate for that period being \$37,146,337. It will be seen, therefore, that the fiscal year exceeds the calendar year by over \$3,000,000.

Comparisons with preceding fiscal years will indicate the extent of the increase in the consumption of precious stones by the American dealers.

The largest total since the records of the port have been kept until the previous year was made by the previous year, 1903, when the figures were \$33,233,164. The year ended June 30, 1903, was considered marginally the best of the corresponding month of last year by a margin of nearly \$400,000.

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Change.

"When old Uncle Weatherby was a poor farmer he used to go up to town and eat pie with a carving fork. The people said he was a nightingale I would sing at night? No! She is a wren and sings in the daytime and at her very best. Do likewise, young ladies. Do not waste your time in regretting that you are not a man, but show us what may be done by a real woman, a woman after God's own heart."

Patents

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A patent is a short-term exclusive right to an invention. It gives the owner the right to exclude others from making, using, or selling the invention. It is issued by the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office.

Scientific American

A hand-colored illustrated weekly publication of scientific news. It is published weekly by Scientific American, Inc., 233 Broadway, New York.

Used Rugs to Secure Monkey

Animal was Unacquainted with Qualities of Opera Glass.

A professor well known in the scientific world recently hit upon a novel method of capturing a pet monkey which had escaped from the house and taken refuge in the branches of a tall tree.

He looked at the animal through a pair of opera glasses, pointing the small end at him and then retired to a short distance, leaving the opera glasses on the ground. The imitative monkey descended from the tree, taking the opera glasses, gazed in a similar manner, at his master, who seemed to the deluded ape to be many yards distant.

The monkey, continuing to look through the same end of the opera glasses, supposed his master, who was walking slowly toward him, to be still a long way off, when the professor, reaching out, secured the chain and led the victim back to his cage.

Great Men—Fond of Tea.

Like all things in the world tea met with opposition at the first thought or knowledge of it. There were some who called it a filthy custom, while others held that it would drown the body and destroy personal beauty. Sam'l Johnson tells us that he was a hardened and shameless tea drinker, who for 20 years dilled his meals with only the infusion of the fascinating plant; who with tea amused the evenings with tea solaced the midnight and with tea welcomed the morning.

Mrs. Deenborn—June is the favorite month for weddings.

Mrs. Wabash—Oh, I don't know.

I've been married four times in May and only twice in June.

In Chicago.

Tea a Cold Weather-Drink.

One-third more tea is used in autumn and winter than in summer and spring.

Fire Alarm Calls.

Directions for Tugning in Alarm. Break glass and turn the lever once around until it stops; you can only turn it one way. Do not turn in a second time, until lever has stopped moving.

No. of Where Located.

19—Michigan and Peninsular Avenues, near Olson's drug store.

28—Michigan Avenue and Spruce east of Court House.

32—Michigan Avenue and Norway Street.

37—Ottawa Street at Rose House.

43—Ogemaw and Cedar streets, near McKay House.

46—Spruce and Ionic streets, near Julius Nelson's house.

54—Michigan Ave. and Park street near Chris Hanson's house.

55—Ogemaw and Maple streets near John Hanson's house.